

# Breakfast

## Newsboys

Hold the milk, put back the sugar  
They are powerless to console  
We've gathered here to sprinkle ashes  
From our late friend's cereal bowl  
Breakfast Clubbers, say the motto  
That he taught us to repeat  
You will lose it in your gym class  
If you wait 'til noon to eat  
Back when the Chess Club  
Said our eggs were soft  
Every Monday he'd say grace  
And hold our juice aloft  
Oh, none of us knew  
His checkout time would come so soon  
But before his brain stopped waving  
He composed this tune  
When the toast is burned  
And all the milk has turned  
And Captain Crunch is waving farewell  
When the big one finds you  
May this song remind you  
That they don't serve breakfast in Hell  
Breakfast Clubbers, drop the hankies  
Though to some our friend was odd  
That day he bought those pine pajamas  
His check was good with God  
Those here without the Lord  
How do you cope?  
For this morning we don't mourn  
Like those who have no hope  
Oh, rise up, Fruit Loop lovers  
Sing out sweet and low  
With spoons held high  
We bid our brother, Cheerio  
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